Andrew Larsen: one year after.
Came to Dickson in 1905 ~~with~~ Carl Christiansen,
Fred Petersen, Jim Larsen. He came same year
as Chris. Larsen, Henry Larsen, Rev. Gundeson.

Too much water every where. No bridges.
Ford rivers & creeks. Transportation almost nil.

The people wanted an Illustration Farm
so chose Andrew Larsen's as ideal. Lowland
& medium & high land. Started it in 1938.
Mr. & Mrs. L. ran it 4 years.

Sloughs were drained with the Dickson
Drainage System. Tried grass seed, dif. kinds,
on low land. Grain - dif. kinds on med. high
land.

Small plots grain, espesially cared for -
then took a small sample back to Govt.

Tried fertilizer - which would do best -
and where - and dif. grains.

The Govt. gave no garden or flower seed.

Trees for shelter belts but in the 4 years
no results to report.

Govt. sent pure-bred pigs & baby chix
every spring (Barred Rocks) also grass seed.

There were no epidemics in early days.

First year we went to Markerville to get
our mail - then to Dickson.

Our fist school was held on 6 mo. in a yr.

First teacher was Miss Elmhurst.
Nearest Doctor – Innisfail.
Mrs. Norman was our practical nurse.
Mr. John Sandberg runs farm since 1942.

Dickson, Danish
Settlement.

Louis Adamsen.

Came here to Dickson in 1906 – in the autumn. It was snowing to beat all.

The Big Red Deer Bridge was in but the Medicine River Bridge (west of Innisfail) not in.

In 1915 the Big Red Deer River was high & raging. It rose to 18 inches over the floor of the bridge. Log went right through the railing.

Our main hardship was water. Too much. Roads awful. Even got stuck on the hills.

1921 the Drainage system went through Dickson Districts. Is good, yet.

Transportation was by wagons & buggies.

The first 3 cars were Ford cars:

Carl Christiansen, Henry Larsen, Fred Petersen.

He was Dickson's broncho buster, neighborhood vetrenary and has to his credit many cows & horses saved, when no one else could cure them. He broke colts to drive & ride for years & for all.

No Doctor close – long ways away.

Mrs. Norman was a good & efficient Nurse. A practical nurse. She was a nurse, her father was a good Doctor.

On one occasion, Mr. Lomeberg was actually scalped by a wagon wheel that crossed his head & slid off, taking his entire top scalp off. Mrs. Norman was unafraid of even that case.

She fitted it back onto his head and did such a good job of sewing it on, & caring for it, pulling out hairs from the "seam" as they showed — till, when he was able to be moved, he was taken to Edmonton, where the Doctor called, said it was such a good job done; he could not have done a better job, himself. He sent him home again for Mrs. Norman to finish nursing to good health, again. (I saw Mr. Lonneberg, an elderly man, well, hardy & a head that showed no sign of having been scalped.)

For blood poison: she would boil a poisoned hand all night in as hot water & could be born, getting hotter all the time, then in morning she'd sterilize a jack knife, open it up and — it would be O.K..

For Quinsy: she put bread in the oven till brown all through, made a coffee of that. Drank. Cured patient.

You could always see her on horse back.

She was the best of mid-wives. Went at all hours, & stayed till all was well over & safe.

Mrs. Adamsen stepped up, just here & said, "yes, & we took our men to her, too." A laugh through the crowd. "And they were glad to go, too."

"All the above scalping, blood-poisoning & Quinsy cases had been men," she said.

Soren R. Lonneberg;

Came to Dickson in 1906.

Had to ford the Medicine River, at that time. He came, green, to this country & its roads & rivers. Tried to ford the Medicine River – should have gone, as did other wagons, up away on sand-bar in center, but Soren went straight across, got into a very big hole. Had on his wagon, flour & sugar. The flour survived all right but the sugar didn't like that "water treatment." But he has proven successful in spite of his early mistakes. Was a good carpenter so he built up nearly all the good houses & barns around Dickson, & they are many & substantial.

He had 13 children.

He was Councilor for 16 years and a good He had a real community spirit. He was one of the very earliest settlers coming from Omaha, Nebraska. Where they organized their church in Omaha & then remained same here in Dickson. Rev. Gundersen was their first pastor.

We have given quite a few volunteers & some draftees. Dickson has done her share.

Proud of their church – holds 300 or 400 people.

a neighbor told this of S. R. Lonneberg: "he was a carpenter from City of Chicago. When going to Luniskail, he feared "those big hills" either side of the Big

Red Deer River. Had heard of tying one wheel when wanting "put on the brakes going down hills" so he tied a front wheel, mind you! Know what happened.

And again: "He brought a great big, black umbrella with him from Chicago. Well, one day (as usual) he took his umbrella with him when he started to town, and sure enough it rained again, but he had a different the team than usual. He put up his big umbrella to keep the rain off of him. That really frightened his team, they ran & ran, all over the country, (no fences,) he still holding that umbrella over him, it still raining. Some one of the several who saw it all, jumped on to a saddle horse & stopped them. He didn't do it. He just rode along with the umbrella that was frightening the horses. All because he wouldn't put down that umbrella.

Mr. Lonneberg was the man who was taken to the mid-wife, and was glad to go, too, because he had been "scalped" and she made him "like new" again.

Mr. Mads ? Westergaard.

Came here in 1915 from Kinmare, North Dakota,
just south of Portal.

Bridges & Railroad all here, then.

Lived on homestead in Raven District.

Related how the Red Deer and the Raven Rivers went on a rampage, once. A real flood. Roads seemed bottomless.

Children went to Red Raven School - first years.

He paid $350 for a team that died within 1 year.

We boys hated to work - had potato races when we were expected to plant them.

Mother went to Musheg for a pail of water for something. She slipped and fell in. She was mad.

Our barn burned on homestead.

Had a family of 11 children.

Grandma Westergaard died when 97 years old.

Can remember the terrible roads - very vividly.

Church meeting were held in the homes because we had no church building.

At first he had 3 horses and some machinery. He then traded 1 horse for 3 cows.

He now lives near Dickson.

"Mr. Gundersen"; told by Miss Gundersen & Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Dyrholm. 3 daughters

Dickson's first minister, was a poet of no mean reputation. One of his daughters has 2 full trunks of his poems at her home. The Gundersens came in 1904 from Menomonie, Wisconsin. The first night on the homestead, 1 mile east of the present site of Dickson, was spent in their new chicken-house. The congregation built them a good parsonage, ~~almost~~ at once.

There was no school, then. The parents were anxious their children should have a good education so they sent the 4 daughters & one son to Luverne, to school. RESULT: 4 daughters school teacher. The one son - a Doctor.

The father travelled to town with team and lumber wagon to get their children. Dad sang all the time, at home & on road. He & the children sang all the way home from town & again, Monday Morning, very early, on way back to school. Children remember their Dad singing loud & beautifully, hymns he loved, while lodging. Fires in the morning. even in rain.

The mother, Mrs. ~~G~~ Gundersen, went to the states & procured 10 cows which she had shipped to Mr. Gundersen. The people & the minister

were alike, poor, so the people paid the minister's salary with hay & grain for the cattle, which multiplied into a creditable herd that satisfied many hungry mouths of his family and some cream to sell to Markerville Creamery, as well. "That cash looked good."

Sunday meetings were often held at the Gundersen home. Mrs. G. made coffee for all, afterwards.

While the Mother was away to the States for those cows, there came, one night, the worst hail storm the Dist. has ever had. All the windows on 2 sides of the house were smashed out. The children all hung onto Dad in the middle of the room — really afraid. Dad was calm, he was praying.

There was a praying man. He ~~sitting~~ rose up, that night, dressed, & was sitting in the livingroom, praying. All was calm. Moon was shining. But he felt as if some danger hung over his peaceful home. Our 3 year old girl awoke, too & seeing the light lit, called to Dad. He answered from the next room. She asked if he was well. He answered, "Yes, but I feel as if something is going to happen, tonight. So I am dressed & praying." Inabout an hour

more that awful hail storm broke. Then he knew.

Another time, a little later, he felt the same in the night. He arose & prayed & then he called the children that he was going to Innisfail at once. "I am sure those cattle are about to arrive in Innisfail." He bade the children good-bye & drove to I. in his lumber wagon. Sure enough! They came in at noon that very day & he was there to meet them. And again, he knew.

That summer, early, there were many Saskatoon berries. Mrs. Fred Petersen canned many quarts for the Gundersen family, because the Mother was away for those cows.

Meals were bitter after the cows came & the canned wild fruit was a great boon to them.

The son, who became a Doctor required $600 a year to go through at the University.

The Doctors, in those early days, would travel over almost impassable roads, in any kind of weather, lie on the floor all night to be near a patient; stayed many a night, this, to save many a life.

Men used to fill up the holes in the roads adjoining their own farms. Now, the men in the

neighborhood spend, say, $200 & the Municipality spends a certain sum & the main roads to each town are gravelled after being graded high to drain water off. These main roads are called "Market Roads."

And Dickson has given many young men to the cause of liberty & right in this War II. One family, gave 2 girls & one boy. The Hibbs sisters went overseas as nurses. Their brother was a soldier & was taken prisoner by the Germans, but was released lately by Allied troops.

3 families came when the Gundersens came to Alta. to settle at Dickson.

The Gundersens were kept very busy, what with ministerial duties, & raising a family and educating them well, they were busy making a pioneer home, milking 10 cows & all that that calls for. Their home was an open house — One time, recalled, there were several families, who had recently arrived as new settlers, who stayed there & ate & slept for 21 days. 21 people Many times the floors were full of sleepers, the table full of eaters & all hearts full of thanks to God for his many mercies, His wonderful Alberta & this generous family. Mrs. G. never once complained of the hardships she endured. Patient-Loving.

The Gundersen garden was the land mark of the countryside. It was large & produced abundantly, and again, thanks to Mrs. G. & her management of her family, she succeeded in filling their shelves & cellar to the full — & also her family.

However, it was "hard to make ends meet." Often Mr. G. earned only about $150 a year for all his labor. He farmed. He preached. He had a circuit, of 24 miles the round trip which he travelled with a lumber wagon & team. He ~~coaches~~ preached as far as Olds and its outposts. He walked to Innisfail, many times, to preach.

Mr. Henry Larsen, Mr. C. C., & Mr. Pete Larsen east of Dickson all lived in a triangle, on their farms, in early days. "They'd greet each other with," What's the matter with Alberta?" a jolly greeting flung out in a sort of challenging way — trying to be the first to shout it.

There was such a spirit of Co-op, that before anyone went to town J. D. he'd let all know and ask if there was anything anyone wanted him to bring out for them.

Whenever a new settler was known to be coming, all would go to town to meet them, greet them & help them move out. And that was

not all, all would gather tog. to help him build up his house & barn — the ladies bringing lunch. A merry ~~building~~ moving bee. A merry building bee.

A very poor settler would be greeted with a collection of stuff & money the set. had gotten from one & all. And several times a cow was given a family with small children or a sickly wife or husband.

One man became discouraged. "Making ends meet" was not his "long suit." So the community gave him 2 acres of land, built him a new house — all free from the community. That new start encouraged him & he "made good."

For some time Harberville ~~was~~ had the nearest store, for these Danes until C. C. Dickson started a store.

At one time 14 cows were given out to poor families — and all "made good" with that start. They sold cream & got in some cash.

The G. were poor but they had cream & milk to use besides selling some, they had potatoes, oatmeal, & pork for eats.

Mr. & Mrs. G. brought babies into the world, & out of the world. "Layed out" many for burial.

They cared for the sick & dying. And if the woman of the family was sick, they'd care for her & do her house-work. If there was a new babe, they'd care for it, too.

I procured 3 recipes of Danish origin & liked by all of them (and me, too.)

I. "Grön Kaal"

Soup bone — make soup.
Cut up kale fine.
Put into soup.
Potatoes (1 inch squares)
& oat meal.
salt.

(good soup.)

II.

Aebelskiver

Make pancake dough (rich)
in depression pans, put dough into these
(like patty pans) (only it is made of iron.)
then slice apples over,
Bake on one side. Turn over & brown other side.
Eat with jam.

next page for No. III.

Aebël Kaje (apple Cake)

Browned bread crumbs in butter with layers of thick apple sauce. Layer after layer, alternately — then top all with whipped cream & serve.

Mr. Fred Petersen:

Came to Dickson in 1903, one of the fust ones to come from Omaha, Nebraska.

He came as the choir leader, having successfully lead the choir in the Omaha, Nebraska church. Only a small choir, at fust, composed of the older members of the families. But now children and grand-children of those pioneers are using their fine voices to sing the Lord's praises in the same church their fore-bears sang, same choir, same leader.

The 2 men sent in the winter of 1902 didn't see water, water everywhere, so reported the Dickson District as a good level country and a good agricultural prospect — for hadn't they been told so by the "land men" and hadn't it looked good to them.

But some whole 1/4 sections were fust water standing, next summer.

"Well, we "drew cuts" for land, our fust and second bunch from Omaha — the second bunch landing July 1. That drawing of cuts was to show no favoritism to anyone. No one could say, "You got a better land & chance than I."

"A little boy, with a hat with the tickets in it, was the holder of each one's chance."

It took each bunch of families, 11 days on the train, a wiped train, to come with their "stuff" from Omaha to Innisfail.

At that time there were no chimneys only stove pipes, and Mrs. Fred Petersen noticed that fist thing, as being the rule in Canada.

Mrs. Fred Petersen ~~came 4 years later~~ was not back in D. for 4 years - Hard trips. Because it took all and sundrie, 2 or 3 days to make the trip to D. & return. There was no bridge over the Medicine River, yet, in those early days.

Mr. Petersen came in april - 1903
Mrs. Petersen " " May - 1903
Mr. C. C. & Jensen " " July 4 - 1903

At one time, while Mr. Larsen was away, it rained & hailed so hard, and leaked so much thro'. the roof of her house, that Mrs Larsen stood in the middle of the room & held an umbrella over herself & baby, a good share of that night she was afraid, & as many a woman was that night. Mr. Larsen was working in Calgary at that time

When several men went to town, one had a mule team, and that would lie down in every mud hole, the other men would unhitch their teams of horses and pull the mules load out; then the mules would walk out to be hitched up & go on, as long as going was easy. But all was to be done over again at the next mud hole. A mule sinks so easily because its feet are so small -- and their courage is likewise small.

One time the mules were going up a very steep hill. They stopped because the load seemed heavy. The load started to pull them backwards. The mules let it pull them. Soon load swerved & load & mules all went over the bank. Some thing again for horses to do for the sake of those mules.

Lack of teams was a handicap. The climate here didn't agree with the U.S.A. horses.

One man, hearing of that, came up from the U.S.A. to buy Can. horses for the early pioneers. That started them all upwards.

He really loaned money to assist the settlers to buy Can. horses, that were climatized.

The Petersen's were getting cream from 5 cows — had a few hens and so could eat eggs.

"What is the matter with Canada?" was one greeting that really "fitted in right." Too much rain. A beautiful month. A nice white, hoar frost that was a picture. The loss of a horse. Stuck in the mud. Fording rivers. "What is the matter with Canada"? fit in at all times.

"Nine months rain & 3 months cold" —— it fit in, again.

"Canada is O. K." — it fit again.

All had to stay here, couldn't go "back home" — no one had any money to go, or to buy your stuff so you could go back.

"We always worked forward," said Mr. & Mrs. Petersen. Forward for a minister, for a church, for a school, a store.

Kept the settlement Danish so we could work forward together, toward one end.

We took out homesteads for others to come up & claim, & Danes always came for them.

No roads – great drawback. For 40 years we waited for these high graded gravelled roads. But we got them. Forward yet.

Mrs. Petersen's father was a weaver. He made goods by the yard of which the women made suits, dresses, bedding, and table cloths.

I saw a phots of Mr. Petersen's mother. She was wearing the most beautiful head dress I ever saw. It was rows and rows of embroidery & lace – hand made, for a face frame. She was a beautiful woman – the head dress was a fitting frame for such calm beauty. She had made it herself and always kept it that nice – much starching and ironing it must have needed.

Over the Petersen modern home front door is this: "Solhjem" meaning Sol – Sun ——— home ——— "Sun home."

Mrs. Petersen gave me a few recipes but I have recorded them else where, first, from others.

Chris Morck.

Came in 1917 to Dickson, but has improved the country & raised 9 children.

Is a paper hanger & many of the homes are the nove beautiful & modern bec. of his work.

"I have been in many different places, had my home in dif. places", he said, "but have found, here, a homely spirit not found in North Dakota, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or any where else."

There were no roads, even in 1917, just trails.

A great joker - many of the jokes put in dif. men's accounts were really recited by Mr. Chris. Morck, to me for recording.

Mr. Carl Christiansen (christy ăn sen) came to Dickson in 1903, from Omaha, Nebraska.

The party of 9 or 10 really organized in that place and sent 2 men up to this part of alberta during the winter, to locate the entire company. So, in the early spring the first bunch came on, shipping a carload of stock and implements. They disembarked at Innisfail, but had to go "way up North" to Markerville, because there was the only bridge, at that time.

The second bunch came July 4 to Innisfail, camped in their tents beside the Rail Road track. It was fitting that this brave band of "Yankees" should then & there celebrate the fourth of July, and they did.

There was quite a large celebration because the first bunch came to meet & help move the second bunch & to enjoy the celebration that was a natural event & an annual event for several years.

Mr. Christiansen lost one horse and his only cow right in Innisfail, before he could even get moved out. He deplored the fact that he had to hire a team of mules to haul his hores and

cow out to the nuisance ground. He had only 7 one horse left.

I was told by several that horses & cows died soon after arriving at their destinations in Alberta. The feed here, was different, the trip had been hard on them & the climate was decidedly different. Change of feed and water added to their discomfort.

There was no shortage of water in those days. One could scarcely travel at all, even getting stuck on hills. Rain! Mud! More Rain!! More Mud!!!

The Dickson Post Office dates back to the 17th of April, 1907 with Mr. Carl Christiansen as the first post-Master.

The name for the new Post Office was quite a problem. Mr. Kelly wanted to name it, "Gladstone".

Some wanted to call it "Kinigo", who was a poet and who had written a beautiful song they all knew.

Mrs. Christiansen wanted it named, "Dickson".

There was an old rancher out by Dickson Creek, who had named that creek for himself, Mr. Dickson.

The name "Dickson" has some interesting tales to its credit. It is the only town or city of that exact spelling in all of Canada, it is believed. Mr. Christiansen tells of one letter from the British Isles, somewhere, with only this address upon it:

Mr. ———,
Dickson,
Canada,
United States of America.

And it came to his Dickson Post Office, way out here "in the sticks" and in such a new country. Even yet, he has had queerly addressed letters come to that P. O., with the name "Dickson" written clearly upon them.

The first Dickson school was built in 1906. Mr. Madsen & Mr. C. Christiansen were first trustees, I believe. It was called the "King's School District," at first; Later to Dickson.

In 1909 - Mr. Christiansen built his store. He lived on his homestead, at first, and had kept the Post Office out there, first of all. He moved the P. O. to the store, after he had established that place of business.

Representative John A. Simpson had an influence in moving the P. O. up to the store. Rains, Rains & still more rains influenced the moving of it, also.

It had rained 2 days & 2 nights – just poured. Mr. C. noticed the paper they had nailed up for a ceiling over the beds, was "bulging down". He hoped that it was it water or if it was, it would'nt "come down." But alas, for "wishful thinking". When he arose and was dressing beside his bed that morning, that water took a notion to "come down". It surely gave Mr. C. the one shower bath of his life, hard to forget. He was shocked, yelled to one & all to "get up & out of here, We are moving to the store to day, Post Office & all." And they did move that day to what is now Dickson, a thriving, nice little town – miles from any rail-road. That first bldg. was a little old log shack – with "Dickson P. O." sign over the door.

Dickson is a credit to the Danes that surround it for miles, a Danish settlement Denmark would be proud to see.

INSERT:- In 1909 or 10 they built their Lutheran Church – with a clear sounding bell that ~~is~~ heard for 15 miles on clear days.

INSERT:-

In the N. W. corner is the corner stone & in that corner stone is a little metal box. Rev. Gindersen wrote out all the names of those here then & put that paper into the metal box in that corner stone.

And, too, they were not unmindful of their Minister for they built a parsonage the same year, 1909.

The P. O. was moved to the little berg in 1909, also. Mail came 2 times a week, at first.

This church was really a congregation, with officers & all, organized right back there in Omaha, Nebraska. Even before the church building was erected, meetings were held in Tents. Mr. Fred Petersen was their first church leader. He was and still is, their very efficient choir leader, a good singer himself, & a good leader he has always maintained a choir known far & wide for its numbers and quality of singing.

The first Xmas in Dickson will always be remembered by all those Danes.

(A Picture of the first Xmas in Dickson, At Mr. Fred Petersen's Home is in the ARCHIVES at the University... Please look it up." — C. Christiansen)

In 1903, when the first settlers came, there was no school, no teachers. Now, a public school & a High School & 4 teachers.

Mr. Carl Christiansen's far sightedness started the first Post office, store, High School & the

centering all interests into the town of Dickson.

From Dickson have gone out Doctors, Missionaries and teachers & other important personages.

The first minister was Rev. Gundesen from Wisconsin. His family, 4 girls & one son have become 4 teachers & the boy is a successful Dr. One daughter is & has always been the Principal of the Dickson High School. Now the school has 100 pupils, coming from surrounding Districts by bus & which makes 2 trips each morning & 2 each night to accommodate that large No. The Dorm. accomodates a goodly no. of girls, as well.

Mr. Christiansen said, "It is fun recalling old days" thus voicing all the dear "old timers" sentiments. "Those were the days," he continued.

We have, in our midst 2 sturdy, old timers — Mr. & Mrs. A. Laursen, who are 80 years of age & not retired, yet. On a farm & won't say nor act as if they are old.

Mr. & Mrs. C. Christiansen's Oldest ~~son~~ child was a son, 5 months old when they came here. At first, Sunday meetings were held in homes, & Mr. C. tells of carrying that sturdy lad & walking miles to church. It was hard to keep out of the mud & water — those days. His wife had all she could do to keep

her feet dry — "with no load to carry."

These Danish settlers came from Chicago Illinois, Nebrasha & other States to the South.

Mr. C.C. gives Rev. Nyholm the credit for the rapid progress Dickson has made, these of late years. He was here, 4 years. He really originated the idea of the High School. Mr. C. & many others financed the "idea" and it became a "reality."

There were at that time many young men here from Denmark, 20 – 25 years of age — so Rev. Nyholm said & urged that a High School was a "Must."

The first H.S. was held in the spacious basement of the new Church. The boys boarded all around — a number boarding at Rev. Gundersen's parsonage. H.S. was held here until all was settled and other bldgs. could be procured. A Dormitory was secured. The school & Dorm. were both held in that large house for awhile.

After Rev. Nyholm went away, and this larger School Unit was set up a new H.S. bldg. was erected, a modern structure, a real credit to a Danish set. who keep high ideals & a mania for Education

When the High School first started, in the basement of the church, the men made little tables, ~~the~~ each student bringing his own chair from home. Miss G. was the Principal from its start & she states it was Rev. Nyholm's perseverance that had it started. "Each year we wondered if we'd have enough to carry on. They charged no ~~tuition fees~~ for the local students. They had to have 15 students or no Govt. Grant. for if less than 15 they'd have too little tuition to keep going."

Miss G. had a contract but asked that no more be given her than could be gotten in

"But," she adds, "I always got my salary, per contract."

New students, new Canadians; grown men, up to 38 yrs. of age, were welcomed. "Immigrants — new Canadians," she said. Some had no H. S. Ed. in English but some had. This advanced H. S. gave them a good start in Can. & Eng. language.

"Among the early students", she added, "are 2 ser. Drs. + — 2 ser. teachers, 1 missionary 2 ser. preachers, & 2 nurses.

A H. S. Association was formed in 1933 who built the Dorm. & had H. S. there. This assoc. canvassed the Community for funds & workers.

Only 2 people got any pay — the carpenter & the architect. all others donated their work & time. This H. S. Assoc. was to sponsor it all. "Their aim ~~was~~ was, the morals & morale must be kept up while getting an education It would linger with them to the end of life. And that has been well proven.

A former minister gave 10 acres of land 1/2 for Dorm. & grounds & 1/2 for Dickson Park with a large sign over the gate. That minister

Name was Rev. Benson.

The H.S. assoc. is Incorporated & has a constitution. (I saw that document.) In erecting that Dam, women lathed & papered men put in days & days, free. Bachelors gave many days work. Cash Donations were asked. They ranged from $5 to $300. There were several $100 gifts.

Dickson church has a Bible Summer Vacation Camp at the West end of the beautiful Sylvan Lake, where different churches can send their boys or girls, for 2 wks. apiece, all summer. a great work and it originated in D. church. It is all a good work & a substantial monument to Rev. Nyholm & his untiring & unselfish efforts for young people.

Mr. C. recalls that prairie fires were "not dangerous until we got something to burn". ~~Mr. Chris. Larsen~~ One man used to set fires to the bush "to clear it" he said.

It rained every day, many summers.

Dickson organized a Company among themselves & ~~formed~~ Dug a Drainage System that would be a credit to any community. It has been in use 20 years, now, having been put in in 1925, and is in good running order, ~~to day, of~~ Dickson Creek was ~~widened~~, straightened, ditches dug to it from all directions. That drained the country, "It was costly to start with but well worth it all".

"Much cream was sold to the Markerville creamery, so much, yet we did not appreciate it — only for the money it made for us."

~~The second~~ One spring after the settlers came, a hail took the crops. Mr. C. C. said it took all of his turnips "except those left behind clods." Broke many windows. Worst hail ever have had. Mrs. C. C. was much afraid — she had never been in such a hail storm. It was in 1907. They held blankets to the windows yet the windows broke; ~~anyway.~~

Many were "dead broke" but had good guns, brought from the States; they had shells. There were many ducks and other wild fowl. One time Mr. C. shot into the dark at a flock he heard flying low above him; Got one duck. Nearly lost it in the dark, but found it after a long hunt. "O, boy! we had a feast, next day."

(I saw that same gun brought from Omaha, Neb.)

"He concluded, by saying, "Canada has been good to us." But may I add, "Mr. C. C. has been good to Can., too. He has given himself to it's good."

On his wall hangs a framed Motto. I had been reading it, and spoke of it to him. I read:

"Rules for To-day."

"Do nothing that you would not like to be doing when Jesus comes."

"Go to no place where you would not like to be found when Jesus comes."

"Say nothing that you would not like to be saying when Jesus comes."

Then he told me of the time when he first started his General Store. "A man from Iowa came out here. I needed money. My friend went back to Iowa and sold some land and sent me money to make my ideal start in business. He would accept no security, saying only,— "I need no security, my friend. That motto hanging on your wall, over your desk, exactly in front of you in your office chair, is security enough for me. That is good enough for me. That tells me all I want to know." And Mr. C. C. looked the gratitude he must have felt at that time.

Mr. C. C. had the first radio in Dickson District.

Mr. Carl C. donated that large church bell[4]
and has rung it, himself, all these years.

Mrs. Lillian Riste,
Innisfail, Alberta.

DICKSON, DANISH SETTLEMENT.

ANDREW LARSEN: Came to Dickson in 1905 one year after Carl Christiansen, Fred Petersen and Jim Larsen. He came same year as Chris Larsen, Henry Larsen, Rev. Gundeson.

Too much water everywhere. No bridges. Ford rivers and creeks. Transportation almost nil.

The people wanted an Illustration Farm so chose Andrew Larsen's as ideal. Lowland and medium and high land. Started it in 1938. Mr. and Mrs. Larsen ran it 4 years.

Sloughs were drained with the Dickson Drainage system. Tried grass seed, different kinds, on lowland. Grain--different kinds on medium high land.

Small plots grain, especially cared for--then took a small sample back to government.

Tried fertilizer--which would do best and where--and different grains.

The government gave no garden or flower seed.

Trees for shelter belts but in the four years no results to report.

Government sent purebred pigs and baby chicks every spring (barred rocks); also grass seed.

There were no epidemics in early days.

First year we went to Markerville to get our mail--then to Dickson.

Our first school was held on 6 months in a year. First teacher was Miss Elmhurst. Nearest doctor, Innisfail. Mrs. Norman was our practical nurse. Mr. John Sandberg runs farm since 1942.

LOUIS ADAMSEN

Came here to Dickson in 1906 in the autumn. It was snowing to beat all.

The Big Red Deer bridge was in but the Medicine river bridge (west of Innisfail) not in.

In 1915 the Big Red Deer river was high and raging. It rose to 18 inches over the floor of the bridge. Log went right through the railing.

Our main hardship was water. Too much. Roads awful. Even got stuck on the hills. 1921 the drainage system went through Dickson districts. Is good, yet.

Transportation was by wagons and buggies. The first three cars were Ford cars: Carl Christiansen, Henry Larsen, Fred Petersen.

He was Dickson's broncho buster, neighborhood veterinary and has to his credit many cows and horses saved, when no one else could cure them. He broke colts to drive and ride for years and for all. No doctor close, long ways away. Mrs. Norman was a good and efficient nurse--a practical nurse. She was a nurse, her father was a good doctor.

On one occasion, Louiseberg was actually scalped by a wagon wheel that crossed his head and slid off taking his entire top scalp off. Mrs. Norman was unafraid of even that case.

She fitted it back onto his head and did such a good job of sewing it on and caring for it, pulling out hairs from the "seam" as they showed--till, when he was able to be moved, he was taken to Edmonton where the doctor called, said it was such a good job done; he could not have done a better job himself. He sent him home again for Mrs. Norman to finish nursing to good health again. I saw Mr. Lonneberg, an elderly man, well, hardy and a head that showed no sign of having been scalped.

For blood poison she would boil a poisoned hand all night in as hot water and could be born, getting hotter all the time, then in morning she'd sterilize a jack knife, open it up and--it would be OK.

For quinsy she put bread in the oven till brown all through, made a coffee of that. Drank. Cured patient.

You could always see her on horseback. She was the best of midwives. Went at all hours and stayed till all was well over and safe.

Mrs. Adamsen stepped up just here and said, "Yes, and we took our men to her, too." A laugh through the crowd. "And they were glad to go, too."

"All the above scalping, blood-poisoning and quinsy cases had been men," she said.

SOREN R. LONNEBERG

Came to Dickson in 1906. Had to ford the Medicine river at that time. He came, green, to this country and its roads and rivers. Tried to ford the Medicine river--should

have gone as did other wagons, up aways on sandbar in center but Soren went straight across, got into a very big hole. Had on his wagon, flour and sugar. The flour survived all right but the sugar didn't like that "water treatment". But he has proven successful in spite of his early mistakes. Was a good carpenter so he built up nearly all the good houses and barns around Dickson, and they are many and substantial.

He had thirteen children.

He was councillor for sixteen years and a good one! He had a real community spirit. He was one of the very earliest settlers coming from Omaha, Nebraska. Where they organized their church in Omaha and then remained same here in Dickson. Rev. Gundersen was their first pastor.

We have given quite a few volunteers and some draftees. Dickson has done her share.

Proud of their church--holds 300 or 400 people.

A neighbor told this of S.R. Lonnaberg: "He was a carpenter from City of Chicago. When going to Innisfail, he feared "those big hills" either side of the Big Red Deer river. Had heard of tieing one wheel when wanting to "put on the brakes going down hills" so he tied a front wheel, mind you! Know what happened.

And again: "He brought a great big black umbrella with him from Chicago. Well, one day (as usual) he took his umbrella with him when he started to town and sure enough it rained again but he had a different tean than usual. He put up his big umbrella to keep the rain off of him.

That really frightened his team, they ran and ran, all over the country (no fences) he still holding that umbrella over him, it still raining. Some one of the several who saw it all, jumped onto a saddle horse and stopped them. He didn't do it. He just rode along with the umbrella that was frightening the horses. All because he wouldn't put down that umbrella.

Mr. Lonneberg was the man who was taken to the midwife, and was glad to go, too, because he had been "scalped" and she made him "like new" again.

MR. MADS WESTERGAARD

Came here in 1918 from Kinmare, North Dakota. Bridges and railroad all here, then. Lived on homestead in Raven district. Related how the Red Deer and the Raven rivers went on a rampage, once. A real flood. Roads seemed bottomless.

Children went to Red Raven school, first years. He paid $350 for a team that died within one year. We boys hated to work, had potato races when we were expected to plant them.

Mother went to muskeg for a pail of water for something. She slipped and fell in. She was mad.

Our barn burned on homestead.

Had a family of eleven children.

Grandma Westergaard died when 97 years old.

Can remember the terrible roads very vividly.

Church meetings were held in the homes because we had no church building.

At first he had 3 horses and some machinery. He then traded one horse for three cows.

He now lives near Dickson.

MR. GUNDESEN

Told by three daughters: Miss Gundesen and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Dyrholm.

Dickson's first minister was a poet of no mean reputation. One of his daughters has two full trunks of his poems at her home. The Gundesens came in 1904 from Menomonie, Wisconsin. The first night on the homestead, one mile east of the present site of Dickson, was spent in their new chicken house. The congregation built them a good parsonage, at once.

There was no school, then. The parents were anxious their children should have a good education so they sent the four daughters and one son to Innisfail to school: four daughters--school teachers; the one son--a doctor.

The father travelled to town with team and lumber wagon to get their children. Dad sang all the time, at home and on road. He and the children sang all the way home from town, even in rain, and again, Monday morning, very early on way back to school. Children remember their Dad singing loud and beautifully, hymns he loved, while building fires in the morning.

The mother, Mrs. Gundesen, went to the States and procured ten cows which she had shipped to Mr. Gundesen. The people and the minister were alike, poor, so the people

paid the minister's salary with hay and grain for the cattle which multiplied into a creditable herd that satisfied many hungry mouths of his family, and sour cream to sell to Markerville creamery, as well. "That cash looked good."

Sunday meetings were often held at the Gundesen home. Mrs. Gundesen made coffee for all, afterwards.

While the mother was away to the States for those cows, there came one night the worst hail storm the district has ever had. All the windows on two sides of the house were smashed out. The children all hung onto Dad in the middle of the room--really afraid. Dad was calm, he was praying. There was a praying man. He rose up, that night, dressed, and was sitting in the living room, praying. All was calm. Moon was shining. But he felt as if some danger hung over his peaceful home. One three-year old girl awoke, too, and seeing the light lit called to Dad. He answered from the next room. She asked if he was well. He answered, "Yes, but I feel as if something is going to happen tonight, so I am dressed and praying." In about an hour more that awful hailstorm broke. Then he knew.

Another time, a little later, he felt the same in the night. He arose and prayed and then he called the children that he was going to Innisfail at once. "I am sure those cattle are about to arrive in Innisfail." He bade the children goodbye and drove to Innisfail in his lumber wagon. Sure enough! They came in at noon that very day and he was there to meet them. And again, he knew.

That summer, early, there were many saskatoon berries. Mrs. Fred Petersen canned many quarts for the Gundesen family because the mother was away for those cows. Meals were better after the cows came. The canned wild fruit was a great boon to them.

The son who became a doctor required $600 a year to go through at the University. The doctors in those early days would travel over almost impassable roads, in any kind of weather, lie on the floor all night to be near a patient; stayed many a night; this to save many a life.

Men used to fill up the holes in the roads adjoining their own farm. Now, the men in the neighborhood spend say, $200, and the municipality spends a certain sum and the main roads to each town are gravelled after being graded high to drain water off. These main roads are called "Market Roads".

And Dickson has given many young men to the cause of liberty and right in this War 11. One family gave two girls and one boy. The Hindbo sisters went overseas as nurses. Their brother was a soldier and was taken prisoner by the Germans, but was released lately by Allied troops.

Three families came when the Gundesens came to Alberta to settle at Dickson.

The Gundesens were kept very busy what with ministerial duties, and raising a family and educating them well. They were busy making a pioneer home, milking ten cows and all that that calls for. Their home was an open house. One time, recalled, there were twenty-one people, several fam-

ilies who had recently arrived as new settlers, who stayed there and ate and slept for twenty-one days. Many times the floors were full of sleepers, the table full of eaters, and all hearts full of thanks to God for his many mercies, His wonderful Alberta and this generous family.
Mrs. Gundesen never once complained of the hardships she endured. Patient, loving, generous always.

The Gundesen garden was the landmark of the countryside. It was large and produced abundantly, and again, thanks to Mrs. Gundesen and her management of herfamily, she succeeded in filling their shelves and cellar to the full, also her family.

However, it was "hard to make ends meet". Often Mr. Gundesen earned only about $150 a year for all his labor. He farmed. He preached. He had a circuit of twenty-four miles the round trip which he travelled with a lumber wagon and team. He preached as far as Olds and its outposts. He walked to Innisfail, many times, to preach.

Mr. Henry Larsen, Mr. C.C. and Mr. Pete Larsen all lived in a triangle on their farms east of Dickson in early days. They'd greet each other with, "What's the matter with Alberta," A jolly greeting flung out in a sort of challenging way--trying to be the first to shout it.

There was such a spirit of co-operation that before anyone went to town he'd let all know and ask if there was anything anyone wanted him to bring out for them.

Whenever a new settler was known to be coming all

would go to town to meet them, greet them, and help them move out. And that was not all, all would gather together to help him build up his house and barn--the ladies bringing lunch. A merry moving bee--a merry building bee.

A very poor settler would be greeted with a collection of stuff and money the settler had gotten from one and all. And several times a cow was given a family with small children or a sickly wife or husband.

One man became discouraged. Making ends meet was not his long suit. So the community gave him two acres of land, built him a new house--all free from the community. That new start encouraged him and he "made good".

For some time Markerville had the nearest store, for these Danes, until O.J. started a store in Dickson.

At one time fourteen cows were given out to poor families--and all "made good" with that start. They sold cream and got in some cash.

The Gundesen's were poor but they had cream and milk to use besides selling some, they had potatoes, oatmeal, and pork for eats.

Mr. and Mrs. Gundesen brought babies into the world and out of the world, and "laid out" many for burial. They cared for the sick and dying. And if the woman of the family was sick, they'd care for her and do her housework. If there was a new babe, they'd care for it, too.

I procured three recipes of Danish origin and liked by all of them.

1. GRON KAAL

Soup bone--make soup

Cut up kale fine. Put into soup. Potatoes (one inch squares) and oatmeal. Salt. (Good soup)

2. AEBELSKIVER

Make pancake dough (rich) in depression pans, put dough into these (like patty pans only it is made of iron), then slice apples over. Bake on one side. Turn over and brown other side. Eat with jam.

3. AEBLE KAJE (Apple Cake)

Browned bread crumbs in butter with layers of thick apple sauce. Layer after layer, alternately, then top all with whipped cream and serve.

MR. FRED PETERSEN

Came to Dickson in 1903, one of the first ones to come from Omaha, Nebraska.

He came as the choir leader, having successfully led the choir in the Omaha Nebraska church. Only a small choir at first composed of the older members of the families. But now children and grandchildren of those pioneers are using their fine voices to sing the Lord's praises in the same church their forebearers sang, same choir, same leader.

The two men sent in the winter of 1902 didn't see water, water everywhere, so reported the Dickson district as a good level country and a good agricultural prospect--for hadn't they been told so by the "land men" and hadn't

it looked good to them. But some whole quarter sections were just water standing, next summer. "Well, we drew cuts for land, our first and second bunch from Omaha--the second bunch landing July 1st. That drawing of 'cuts' was to show no favoritism to anyone. No one could say, "You got a better land and chance than I." "A little boy, with a hat with the tickets in it was the holder of each one's chance."

It took each bunch of families eleven days on the train, a mixed train, to come with their "stuff" from Omaha to Innisfail.

At that time there were no chimneys, only stove pipes, and Mrs. Fred Petersen noticed that first thing, as being the rule in Canada.

Mrs. Fred Petersen was not back in Innisfail for four years because it took all and sundry two or three days to make the trip to Innisfail and return. There was no bridge over the Medicine River, yet, in those early days.

Mr. Petersen came in April, 1903.

Mrs. Petersen May, 1903

Mr. C.C. and Jensen July 4, 1903.

At one time, while Mr. Larsen was away it rained and hailed so hard and leaked so much through the roof of her house that Mrs. Larsen stood in the middle of the room and held an umbrella over herself and baby a good share of that night. She was afraid too as many a woman was that night. Mr. Larsen was working in Calgary at that

time.

When several men went to town, one had a mule team and that would lie down in every mud hole, the other men would unhitch their teams of horses and pull the mules' load out, then the mules would walk out to be hitched up and go on, as long as going was easy. But all was to be done over again at the next mud hole. A mule sinks so easily because its feet are so small--and their courage is likewise small.

One time the mules were going up a very steep hill. They stopped because the laod seemed heavy. The load started to pull them backwards. The mules let it pull them. Soon load swerved and load and mules all went over the bank. Some thing again for horses to do for the sake of those mules.

Lack of teams was a handicap--the climate here didn't agree with the U.S.A. horses.

One man hearing of that came up from the U.S.A. to buy Canadian horses for these early pioneers. That started them all upwards. He really loaned money to assist the settlers to buy Canadian horses that were climatized.

The Petersens were getting cream from five cows; had a few hens and so could eat eggs.

"What is the matter with Canada?" was one greeting that really "fitted in right". "Too much rain. A beautiful month. A nice white, hoar frost that was a picture. The loss of a horse. Stuck in the mud. Fording rivers. What is the matter with Canada."

"Nine months' rain and three months' cold"--it fit in again.

"Canada is O.K."--it fit again.

All had to stay here, couldn't go back home--no one had any money to go or to buy your stuff so you could go back.

"We always worked forward," said Mr. and Mrs. Petersen. Forward for a minister, for a church, for a school, a store.

Kept the settlement Danish so we could work forward together, toward one end. We took out homesteads for others to come up and claim and Danes always came for them. No roads--great drawback. For forty years we waited for these high graded gravelled roads. But we got them. Forward yet.

Mrs. Petersen's father was a weaver. He made goods by the yard of which the women made suits, dresses, bedding, and tablecloths.

I saw a photo of Mr. Petersen's mother. She was wearing the most beautiful headdress I ever saw. It was rows and rows of embroidery and lace--handmade, for a face frame. She was a beautiful woman, the headdress was a fitting frame for such calm beauty. She had made it herself and always kept it that nice--much starching and ironing it must have needed.

Over the Petersen modern home front door is this: "Sollijem" meaning Sol--sum---home----"sun home".

Mrs. Petersen gave me a few recipes but I have recorded them elsewhere, first, from others.

CHRIS MORCK

Came in 1917 to Dickson, but has improved the country and raised nine children. Is a paper-hanger and many of the homes are the more beautiful and modern because of his work.

"I have been in many different places, had my home in different places," he said, "but have found here a homely spirit not found in North Dakota, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or anywhere else."

There were no roads, even in 1917, just trails.

A great joker--many of the jokes put in different men's accounts were really recited by Mr. Chris Morck to me for recording.

MR. CARL CHRISTIANSEN

Came to Dickson in 1903, from Omaha, Nebraska. The party of nine or 10 really organized in that place and sent two men up to this part of Alberta during the winter to locate the entire company. So, in the early spring the first bunch came on, shipping a carload of stock and implements. They disembarked at Innisfail, but had to go "way up north" by Markerville,because there was the only bridge at that time.

The second bunch came July 4th to Innisfail, camped in their tents beside the railroad track. It was fitting that this brave band of "yankees" should then and there celebrate the Fourth of July,and they did.

There was quite a large celebration because the first bunch came to meet and help move the second bunch and to enjoy the celebration that was a natural event and an annual event for several years.

Mr. Christiansen lost one horse and his only cow right in Innisfail before he could even get moved out. He deplored the fact that he had to hire a team of mules to haul his horses and cow out to the nuisance ground. He had only one horse left.

I was told by several that horses and cows died soon after arriving at their destinations in Alberta. The feed, here, was different, the trip had been hard on them and the climate was decidedly different. Change of feed and water added to their discomfort. There was no shortage of water in those days. One could scarcely travel at all, even

getting stuck on hills. Rain! Mud! More rain!! More mud!!

The Dickson post office dates back to the 17th of April, 1907, with Mr. Carl Christiansen as the first postmaster. The name for the new post office was quite a problem. Mr. Kelly wanted to name it, "Gladstone". Some wanted to call it "Kingo" who was a poet and who had written a beautiful song they all knew. Mrs. Christiansen wanted it named, "Dickson". There was an old rancher out by Dickson Creek who had named that creek for himself, Mr. Dickson. The name, "Dickson" has some interesting tales to its credit. It is the only town or city of that exact spelling in all of Canada, it is believed. Mr. Christiansen tells of one letter from the British Isles somewhere with only this address upon it:

Mr. .....

Dickson,

Canada,.

United States of America.

And it came to his Dickson post office way out here "in the sticks" and in such a new country. Even yet, he has had queerly addressed letters come to that post office with the name "Dickson" written clearly upon them.

The first Dickson school was built in 1906. Mr. Madsen and Mr. C. Christiansen were first trustees, I believe. It was called the "King's School District" at first. Later changed to Dickson.

In 1909 Mr. Christiansen built his store. He lived on his homestead, at first, and had kept the post office

out there first of all. He moved the post office to the store after he had established that place of business.

Mr. Carl C. donated that large church bell and has rung it, himself, all these years.

Representative John A. Simpson had an influence in moving the post office up to the store. Rains, rains and still more rains influenced the moving of it, also.

It had rained two days and two nights--just poured. Mr. Christiansen noticed the paper they had nailed up for a ceiling over the beds was "bulging down". He hoped that it wasn't water or if it was, it wouldn't "come down". But alas, for "wisnful thinking". When he arose and was dressing beside his bed that morning that water took a notion to "come down". It surely gave Mr. Christiansen the one shower bath of his life, hard to forget. He was shocked, yelled to one and all to "get up and out of here. We are moving to the store today, post office and all." And they did move that day to what is now Dickson, a thriving, nice little town--miles from any railroad. That first building was a little old log shack with "Dickson Post Office" sign over the door.

Dickson is a credit to the Danes that surround it for miles, a Danish settlement Denmark would be proud to see.

In 1909 or 1910 they built their Lutheran church--with a clear sounding bell that is to be heard for fifteen miles on clear days. In the north west corner is the corner stone and in that corner stone is a little metal box. Rev. Gundesen wrote out all the names of those here then

and put that paper into the metal box in that corner stone. And, too, they were not unmindful of their minister for they built a parsonage the same year, 1909. The post office was moved to the little berg in 1909, also. Mail came twice a week at first.

This church was really a congregation with officers and all, organized right back there in Omaha, Nebraska. Even before the church building was erected, meetings were held in tents. Mr. Fred Petersen was their first choir leader. He was and still is their very efficient choir leader, a good singer himself and a good leader. He has always maintained a choir known far and wide for its numbers and quality of singing.

The first Christmas in Dickson will always be remembered by all those Danes. (a picture of the first Christmas in Dickson at Mr. Fred Petersen's home is in the Archives at the University)

In 1903, when the first settlers came, there was no school, no teachers. Now, a public school and a high school and four teachers.

Mr. Carl Christiansen's farsightedness started the first post office, store, high school and the centering of all interests into the town of Dickson.

From Dickson have gone out doctors, missionaries and teachers and other important personages.

The first minister was Rev. Gundesen from Wisconsin. His family, 4 girls and 1 son, have become 4 teachers and the boy is a successful doctor. One daughter is and has always

been the principal of the Dickson high school. Now the school has one hundred pupils, coming from surrounding districts by bus which makes two trips each morning and two each night to accommodate that large number. The dormitory accommodates a goodly number of girls as well.

Mr. Christiansen said, "It is fun recalling old days" thus voicing all the dear old timers' sentiments. "Those were the days, " he continued.

We have in our midst two sturdy old timers--Mr. and Mrs. A. Laursen, who are 80 years of age and not retired yet. On a farm and won't say nor act as if they are old.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Christiansen's oldest child was a son, five months old, when they came here. At first, Sunday meetings were held in homes and Mr. Christiansen tells of carrying that sturdy lad and walking miles to church. It has hard to keep out of the mud and water those days. His wife had all she could do to keep her feet dry with no load to carry.

These Danish settlers came from Chicago, Illinois, Nebraska and other states to the south.

Mr. Carl Christiansen gives Rev. Nyholm the credit for the rapid progress Dickson has made these late years. He was here four years. He really originated the idea of the high school. Mr. Christiansen and many other financed the "idea" and it became a reality.

There were at that time many young men here from Denmark, 20 - 25 years of age, so Rev. Nyholm said and urged that a high school was a "must".

The first high school was held in the spacious basement of the new church. The boys boarded all around, a number boarding at Rev. Gundesen's parsonage. High school was held here until all was settled and other buildings could be procured. A dormitory was secured. The school and dormitory were both held in that large house for awhile.

After Rev. Nyholm went away and this larger school unit was set up a new high school building was erected, a modern structure, a real credit to a Danish settlement. which has high ideals and a mania for education.

When the high school first started in the basement of the church the men made little tables, each student bringing his own chair from home. Miss Gundesen was the principal from its start and she states it was Rev. Nyholm's perseverance that had it started. "Each year we wondered if we'd have enough to carry on. They charged no tuition fee for the local students. They had to have 15 students or no government grant, for if less than 15 they'd have too little tuition to keep going. Miss Gundesen had a contract but asked that no more be given her than could be gotten in. "But," she adds, "I always got my salary, per contract."

New students, new Canadians, grown men up to 38 years of age were welcomed. "Immigrants--new Canadians," she said. "Some had no high school education in English but some had. This advanced High school gave them a good start in Canadian and English language." "Among the early students," she added, "are several doctors, several teachers,

one missionary, several preachers and two nurses."

A high school association was formed in 1933 which built the dormitory and had high school there. This association canvassed the community for funds and workers. Only two people got any pay, the carpenter and the architect. All others donated their work and time. This High School Association was to sponsor it all. Their aim was: the morals and morale must be kept up while getting an education. It would linger with them to the end of life. And that has been well proven.

A former minister gave 10 acres of land, one-half for dormitory and grounds and one-half for Dickson Park with a large sign over the gate. That minister's name was Rev. Benson.

The High School Association is incorporated and has a constitution. (I saw that document.) In erecting that dormitory women lathed and papered, men put in days and days free. Bachelors gave many day's work. Cash donations were asked. They ranged from $5 to $300. There were several $100 gifts.

Dickson church has a Bible Summer Vacation Camp at the west end of the beautiful Sylvan Lake where different churches can send their boys or girls for two weeks apiece, all summer. A great work and it originated in Dickson church. It is all a good work and a substantial monument to Rev. Nyholm and his untiring and unselfish efforts for young people.

Mr. Christiansen recalls that prairie fires were "not dangerous until we got something to burn." "One man used to set fires to the bush to clear it," he said.

It rained every day many summers. Dickson organized a company among themselves and dug a drainage system that would be a credit to any community. It has been in use twenty years, now, having been put in in 1925 and is in good running order today. Dickson Creek was straightened, ditches dug to it from all directions. That drained the country. "It was costly to start with but well worth it all."

"Much cream was sold to the Markerville Creamery, so much, yet we did not appreciate it--only for the money it made for us."

One spring after the settlers came a hail took the crops. Mr. Carl Christiansen said it took all of his turnips "except those left behind clods." Broke many windows. Worst hail ever have had. Mrs. Carl Christiansen was much afraid--she had never been in such a hail storm. It was in 1907. They held blankets to the windows yet the windows broke.

Many were "dead broke" but had good guns brought from the States; they had shells. There were many ducks and other wild fowl. One time Mr. Christiansen shot into the dark at a flock he heard flying low above him--got one duck, nearly lost it in the dark but found it after a long hunt. "O, boy! We had a feast, next day." (I saw that same gun brought from Omaha, Nebraska.)

He concluded by saying, "Canada has been good to us." But may I add, "Mr. Carl Christiansen has been good to Canada too. He has given himself to its good.

On his wall hangs a framed motto. I had been reading it, and spoke of it to him. I read:

RULES FOR TODAY

"Do nothing that you would not like to be doing when Jesus comes."

"Go to no place where you would not like to be found when Jesus comes."

"Say nothing that you would not like to be saying when Jesus comes."

Then he told me of the time when he first started his General Store. "A man from Iowa came out here. I needed money. The friend went back to Iowa and sold some land and sent me money to make my ideal start in business. He would accept no security, saying only: 'I need no security, my friend. That motto hanging on your wall, over your desk, exactly in front of you in your office chair, is security enough for me. That is good enough for me. That tells me all I want to know.' " And Mr. Carl Christiansen looked the gratitude he must have felt at that time.

Mr. Carl Christiansen had the first radio in Dickson district.